SINGING TO THE CHILDREN.

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM TALKS OF THE CHILD NATURE.

Field of Entertaining Discovered by a Former Member of the Daly Company—Songs Children Like—Keys to Their Confidence—Taste of Grownups Much the Same—Return of Imagination.

"I seem to see before me the smiling faces of thousands of children, some young and fresh and some wearing the friendly marks of age, but all children at heart—and not an unfriendly face among them, and I seem to hear a voice saying: 'You have made some of us happy.' "

This is what Joel Chandler Harris says in his preface to the new edition of "Uncle Remus," and this is what Miss Kitty Cheatham repeats in the introductory remarks of an interview, in which she speaks of spirit children and real children, of her hopes and ambitions in regard to them, as shown in her delineation of the children's songs.

Theatregoers who used to see her with the old Daly company may find it difficult to think of her in anything save the "legitimate," but circumstances seemed to lead her easily and naturally to her new profession. Crouching one evening over the big open fire in a friend's sitting room, lost to her surroundings, she was in fancy back in her Southern home crooning the negro melodies she used to sing. Then the inspiration came to her to go back to the stage from which she had been absent eight years and take advantage of the vogue for darky songs.

MISS CHEATHAM RECITING "THE BOGIE MAN."

But she determined to sing the real ones, not those doctored to suit the taste for highly flavored coon ditties. These songs had been the delight of her growing years. Once she said to her Mammy, "Why is it yo' always sing such mo'nful songs, Mammy?" and Mammy replied, "The speeret of God knocked your Mammy down forty years ago and I ain't never sung none of them jumpup songs sence."

However, Mammy agreed to bring some of the leetle sinners—those who had not yet been knocked down by the speeret, and it was from these sinners that Miss Cheatham learned her répertoire, which includes all the songs of the cotton fields, the baptisms, the marriages and funerals, the merry-makings and the songs of intimate family grief.

She made her first appearance at the house of the Duchess of Somerset with artists like Nordica, Kubelik and Bispham, and has since then entertained the various royalties of Europe as well as many of the distinguished artists. She spent one afternoon with a party of grown up girls, among them the young Queen of Spain, then Princess Ena, and her cousin Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and she describes them as among the most easily pleased and most enthusiastic of her auditors, as well as the simplest in dress and manner.

Interspersed with her darky songs are the little *chansons* which once were heard at the court of Louis XIV., and she has arranged a cycle of 1830 *chansons* to supplement these. But it is in the children's songs that she has made her greatest success.

Her face has the oval of early youth, and her eyes a candid gaze which makes you stop and wonder hurriedly if you have told the truth all day. She exactly mimics the voice and manner of the little children, and whether she is telling of the horrors of the dark and its complement of two headed goblins, or whether she is merely picturing fairyland and little fairy folk, she alike holds the attention of her audience.

"It is hard work and a mass of detail," she says. "I am studying all the time, even when I am travelling.

"I arrive at my hotel with my bag fat with torn shreds of paper on which I have jotted down impressions, thoughts, anecdotes I have heard, little facts I notice about children on the way. It is not until you reach a point where people think you do things offhand that you can rest a bit.

"I owe a great deal of this sense of the importance of detail to the Daly training, a hard school, as others have averred, but a good one. When I first came to Mr. Daly I was armed with many letters of introduction from friends who described me as being second only to Mary Anderson, and I think they imagined that they showed fine tact in placing her first. Mr. Daly looked at me rather gruffly and said:

"'Miss Cheatham, have you ever taken any lessons in elocution?'

"That was the weak point in my armor and I stammered a 'No.'

"His face brightened. 'I engage you,' he said right off.

"When I speak of detail, I refer to the psychologic detail. I make no appeal by childish dressing, but I am always studying the mental processes. I may spend hours on the question of the child's thoughts when it views the destruction of a beloved doll or the sentiment at the sight of mother dressed up and going to a party as the child's eyes close in sleep.

"It is not enough to reach the point where you feel as the child does, but you must make the child in that hard to reach land on the other side of the footlights feel it too. It is not a sign of a great actress, you know, to weep in emotional parts; you must make other people weep.

"'Jerushy' may sound simple as I recite it, but it is a simplicity that to acquire took me into many nursery hospitals and children's hearts. I always precede 'Jerushy' with a little explanation.

"Jerushy is the doll who was once very beautiful, with wonderful clothes, exquisite hair and complexion, but the fate of the mortal fell upon her at last, and though she was old and broken in spirit and beauty still was she loved.

KITTY CHEATHAM AND HER AUDIENCE.

Gone from her cheeks the roses red,
At last she even lost her head,
My poor Jerushy!

And now she wears a china head, a gown of blue;
And though her body's very thin, her heart is ever true.
I kiss the lips that once were red,
And when my evening prayers are said,
She comes with me each night to bed.
My dear Jerushy!

"Was there ever a child that did not love the lame, worn doll the best?

"My little sister, who is lame and has really never grown up, is a great assistance to me. Her life, necessarily withdrawn to a great extent from the active, has made her singularly sensitive to impressions. She loves children and has a combination of their spiritual insight as well as the grown up appreciation.

"Whenever she writes she sends me a little anecdote or some verses she has come across. She suggested this cunning little one.

Little sheep within the meadow,
I have watched you every day,
Running up and down the hillside,
Like a baby school at play.

Mother says the little blankets,
Under which I love to sleep,
Are a present to a good girl
From a lot of little sheep.

But she says you are not really
Striped with pink and striped with blue,
But there's stripes upon the blankets,
So they must have grown on you.

"Isn't that delightful? I think there never was a child who didn't love those little pink and blue lines on the soft woollen blanket and wonder about them to himself.

"She also sent me another favorite that was published in *Saint Nicholas*, and the author of which neither one of us could find.

I met a little elf-man once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned and with his eye,
He looked me through and through,
"I'm just as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

"It is a curious fact that the people who have written most charmingly about children have themselves been childless. Take the work of Lewis Carroll. There is none to dispute its place in literature—Lewis Carroll, the childless, who had all children in his family.

"I love that story about him and the little girl whom he had asked to go and look at some pictures with him. They had never seen each other, and the request was made through a mutual friend. She stood waiting patiently for him, and seeing lots of people, men and women, pass. Finally he came and without a second's hesitation she went up to him.

He asked her how she knew him, and she said: 'I knew just as soon as I saw you that no one else could have written those lovely things you wrote.' Wasn't that a tribute to the child soul looking out of the grown up eyes?

"And the picture of him in summertime at the beach, with his pockets filled with large pins to fasten up the little girls' skirts so they could go in wading—dear, kindly, appreciative Lewis Carroll, who will never die.

"Take Robert Louis Stevenson. He was childless too, but when you see the children sitting on the edges of their chairs and swinging their little bodies to his 'Marching Song,' you'd think he had had a whole nursery of them to keep him busy.

Bring the comb and play upon it,
Marching here we come.
Willie cocks his highland bonnet,
Johnnie beats the drum.

Mary Jane commands the party,
Peter leads the rear,
Fleet in time, alert and hearty,
Each a grenadier.

All in the most martial manner,
Marching double quick,
While the napkin, like a banner,
Waves upon the stick.

Here's enough of fame and pillage,
Great Commander Jane,
Now that we've been round the village,
Let's go home again.

"I think that one line, 'Peter leads the rear,' shows the whole kindly, humorous, sensitive spirit of Stevenson. He couldn't bear to think of Peter in such an unenviable position with all the rest of them so superior, so he made him do something never heard of before, but which sounds perfectly delightful. Leading the rear!

"A strange thing about the Stevenson's child songs is that they do not take in the recitals. They are not quite simple enough. As soon as you begin to make a child think too hard he loses interest.

"They read all right in the nursery, where the question can be asked and answered, but for the professional recital you must, generally speaking, have the obvious, and that is one of the difficulties that can only be overcome by continually trying. Many a child song I have believed would be very popular has not taken at all.

"'The Bogey Man,' the most bromidian in my list, never fails of applause and goes on swimmingly to a round of applause. It was written by Claude Burton, editor of the London *Evening News*, for his own little kiddies. My accompanist, Miss Flora MacDonald, who has the most wonderful psychic way of reading my interpretations and adapting the accompaniments to them, plays some fearsome chords in this that would make curly hair straight and straight hair stand on end.

The Bogey Man, his hair is blue, his eyes are brilliant green;
His nails are quite the longest that any one's ever seen;
His face is very fierce and grim—
* * * * * * *

"Then the accompaniment strikes some awful notes, blood curdling, and you see the little shoulders straighten and the chests go back, while I go on and speak of the mother tucking the little boy away for the night and taking the friendly candle. * * * 'It isn't that I really care, but then, you see, he might-be-there'—Chords! Chords!! Chords!!!

"It is too funny—the intense silence, the gasp of relief and then the reassuring smile at each other, with a little panicky undercurrent. Another charming one of Burton's is:

If polar bears were on the stairs,
If tigers came to tea,
If fearsome bats and silver sprats
Came in to call on me,
And giant snakes ate all the cakes,
How happy I should be.

If leopards gay arrived to stay,
And brought the kangaroo,
If parrots red within my bed
Should put the cockatoo;
I'd laugh with glee, because, you see,
I just adore the zoo.

"There are two keys to the child nature that one can always get a response from, one is that accentuated in the just recited poem, the love of the animals and the acceptance of the grotesque happenings in their daily life as not being at all wonderful, and the other is the deep religious sentiment that causes the child to realize the unseen Presence as an intimate part of the family life.

MISS CHEATHAM SINGING A FRENCH CHANSON.
From a photograph copyrighted by A'me Dupont.

"In the child's thoughts the real world and the unreal meet, there is no obvious line of demarcation as with us and when they meet and play with a bear somewhere off in that mysterious realm they are apt to mention it casually as having actually taken place. In the same way they speak of the Deity as a near relative. I heard two stories recently illustrating this:

"One was a remark made by a little boy friend of mine who was standing at the window looking out into the park. Finally he called his mother, being much perturbed at 'the little girl who was sitting out there all alone with the Lord.'

"Another little friend of mine had a pet alligator about as long as your hand. The alligator was always getting lost and the family got real peevish about it, when it was lifted out of the bathtub or from between the sheets or discovered in some unexpected nook.

"Cozima, the nurse, was the only one who manifested any real interest in its ultimate destiny. One day Little Friend was discovered crying in a corner. When asked as to the cause of the rivers of tears and abandonment of grief he said: 'No one cares for my alligator but Cozima, Jesus and me.'

"In an informal dinner given the other night to Lord Charles Beresford a lot of children stories were told and he repeated one of a little boy whose mother was expecting a house party, among them a man of some distinction. She told him that he must not pay any attention when he heard the servants say 'My Lord,' but treat him just the same as he did the other gentlemen; that he was just a nice, simple man, and hated to have a fuss made over him. The little boy was all eyes to stare at him.

"He promised, and did very well until one day at luncheon he saw the titled guest trying to reach a little dish of pickles and gasped out, 'Mamma, God wants a pickle.'

"At the same time that the childish mind thinks of the deity as being very near, it realizes in a subtle way the mysterious afterlife and the guardianship there. They look into the starlit realms of the firmament at night and understand them better than the older ones, who are trying to explain them.

"Archibald Sullivan has written a beautiful poem on this subject and the children all seem to love it.

I wonder after I am dead what they will think of me;
If they'll remember just how good or bad I used to be;
I'd hate to think that mother wept beside my silent grave,
Fearing that up among the stars I never could behave.
You see, she can't look after me, I'd be so far away,
So I'll ask God to send a note to mother every day.

He'll send it right at dinner time,
Just as the clock is striking seven;
And God will write:
Your little girl's the best we have in heaven.

"I believe," says Miss Cheatham in conclusion, "that the delight in these recitals shown by the grown ups as well as the little folks is a good sign. We have enough of the Ibsen atmosphere in real life; for instance, the Thaw trial.

"You can't spend an evening or an afternoon watching the one in the Court of General Sessions, or the other at the theatre in which the morbid acts of a woman like *Hedda Gabler* are shown and come away with a particle of spiritual uplift. But if you can become as little children, what an open door into new, undreamed of pleasures!

"I think the popularity of a play like 'Peter Pan' is to be commended not only in itself, but for what it leads to. I honestly believe that the material play, the problem of the triangle, the morbid, hysterical situation, has had its day. We are going to have a return to the purely imaginative.

"We must have it. Where else is there to go except into the Nowhere, out of Here? We have traversed the Here to its limits. We can't go back. There is only the one unexplored country left—the Land of Childhood."

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM, ENTERTAINER OF THE CHILDREN.

SOCIAL CLIMBING IN LENT.

SEWING CLASSES ONE MEANS OF GETTING INTO SOCIETY.

Lectures Another—But Cooperation in Charity Doesn't Always Mean Social Success for the Newcomer—Mistakes Sometimes Made by Aspiring Women.

Among worldly people the Lenten sewing class is recognized as productive of other things besides unbleached muslin garments and penance. And some of the projectors of the classes admit that it is the other things which insure to them enduring prosperity.

At all times New York women practise philanthropy, and they are also conscientious observers of Lent. The more fashionable the woman the more likely is she to differentiate Lent in her social calendar from the rest of the year. Suggestions that disinterested motives and seemingly self-sacrificing acts do not always go hand in hand generally elicit the retort given by a noted Episcopal clergyman to a sceptical Calvinist—that analyzing motives is among the least satisfactory of occupations. This proves that the clergy are men of discretion and are inclined to view with favoring eye Lenten classes of all sorts, so long as they are projected to help the needy.

Thus the Rev. Dr. Tact, informed that the Lenten sewing class of Mrs. Millions, one of his parishioners, turned out 1,000 pieces of underwear to be given to the deserving poor, beams unqualified approval and never asks to examine the forefinger of any member of the sewing class. He blandly assumes that every sewing hand forefinger is red and roughened by much needlework and that only a minimum number of the 1,000 garments were turned over to seamstresses to finish—unless, indeed, he has a wife or sister belonging to the class, which isn't likely.

In that case the good doctor may learn that the large crop of strangely cut garments of queer materials whose advent tallies with the advent of Good Friday every year is not mainly the output of white and bejewelled fingers. But even so he probably makes reference to the benefits of charity and lets it go at that.

The other things which help to bring enduring prosperity to the Lenten sewing classes and to a dozen and one other kinds of Lenten entertainments, chief among which are parlor talks by foreign and domestic—preferably foreign—specialists on the arts and isms of all Christendom, hinge largely on the fact that in high society as well as in the under strata New York has a shifting population. Every few months there is an influx of persons of wealth, of well off persons who represent good society in other cities in this and other countries, nearly every one of whom would like to enter fashionable society here. Only a few of the newcomers as a rule have ever been heard of by New York's fashionables, who naturally therefore show no disposition to throw wide their doors to the majority.

As a result the majority must content itself for a longer or shorter time with viewing the yearned for social world from the outside, and were it not for the Lenten sewing classes and the parlor talks the probationary period might continue indefinitely. As it is the projectors of Lenten entertainments, who for the most part are women of high social position, have discovered that it takes a lot of dollars as well as members to make them a success and that assistance of newcomers to New York is highly desirable.

Therefore the list of eligibles to membership in these classes is revised by Mrs. Millions and her chief advisers, and before long Mrs. Unknown finds in her mail a note which asks her to join a Lenten sewing class or series of parlor talks at a cost of twenty, thirty or fifty dollars, as the case may be. She reads the names of the patronesses and the names of the ladies at whose houses the meetings will take place and gasps with pleasure. Fifty dollars! The price is ridiculously small.

By return mail her check and note of acceptance are on the way. In some cases a newcomer by way of the Lenten subscription entertainment never gets any further than the first rung of the social ladder; in many other cases she mounts swiftly and happily to the top; and in justice to New York's fashionable society, or rather to New York's social leaders, it should be said that the newcomer who under such circumstances does mount to the top must have a good deal more than dollars to recommend her.

There have been, there are now, two or three sewing classes whose meetings are conducted with a formality detrimental to anything like sociability between older members and newcomers, but at most of the others the programme offers a good chance to any but the dullest of women to advance their fortunes socially.

Some amusement was created two or three seasons ago by a bright woman who eagerly accepted an invitation to join a sewing class, whose five meetings were to be held at the houses of five of the most prominent women in society. The newcomer had come out of the West and she had a lot more than a bank account to recommend her. Chief among her assets was a sense of humor.

She accepted with eagerness the invitation, but her head was not turned by the honor, and when she made her way on the date first mentioned to the Fifth avenue home of perhaps the best known woman in society her eyes were by no means blinded by the magnificence which confronted her when the door was opened by a dignified English butler, who led the way into the foyer and waved his hand toward a large table piled with bundles of various sizes, near which stood several women chatting gayly. Other women were strolling around the foyer and into the drawing room beyond.

No one paid any attention to her, no one was in sight who looked like a hostess. Approaching one of the groups in the hall she asked:

"Is Mrs. Blank [the hostess] not here?"

"Oh, yes," was the reply. "She is around somewhere," and the speaker turned again to her friends.

Beginning to be amused the newcomer decided to take a stroll on her own account. There was nothing doing in the drawing room, she found, but in a music room beyond stood an elderly lady in street apparel, but without gloves, who seemed to be a centre of attraction.

Some one addressed this lady by name, and her doubt at rest the newcomer edged up and introduced herself. She was graciously and charmingly welcomed, but was not introduced in turn to any one, and as no evidences of a sewing bee were in the room the newcomer, remembering the bundles on the hall table, turned away after a few commonplaces and made her way back to the hall.

"The sewing is not done here, then?" she remarked to a young woman who was helping herself to a bundle of canton flannel.

"No, we take it away with us and bring it back next week to the house at which the meeting is held. Or you can send for the bundle if you don't want to take it away with you now."

"Thank you," said the newcomer. "As I am not driving I will have to send for my bundle."

"Did I send for it?" she repeated in telling the story. "I guess not. One meeting of that sort was enough for me. I did not begrudge the check, but I made up my mind they should not have the benefit of my presence as well."

In most cases the episode would have ended there, but in this case the newcomer's looks, clothes and bearing had made an impression on some of the women who saw her, one of whom was to be the hostess at the fourth meeting of the class. Not meeting the stranger at intervening meetings she took pains to send the newcomer a special invitation to be present at the fourth meeting, mentioning the fact that there would be some music.

The stranger went, saw, conquered. Within six months she was a much wanted guest at most of the fashionable entertainments.

Fortunately for social aspirants the up to date sewing class meetings are a good bit removed from the one described. If no actual sewing is done, the work is at least turned over and talked over; thimbles, scissors, needles and thread are in sight, and with few exceptions there is entertainment of some sort. Occasionally light refreshments are passed around before the guests separate at half past 12.

When a projector of one of the sewing classes was asked: "Doesn't it strike you as disingenuous to allow people to come to your house for a money consideration whom you would not welcome otherwise?" she replied:

"Not in the least. By a tacit agreement, an unwritten law, as it were, the patronesses of a sewing class are pledged to extend some social civility to these new members afterward, even if it is no more than a card to a day at home; that is, if the newcomers prove not altogether unworthy.

"Once, I remember, I made the mistake of sending an invitation to a sweet looking woman whose husband is making his way to the front in Wall Street, although he came from an Eastern town to join a series of parlor talks to be held at three private houses, including my own. She came and the first sentence she greeted me with was: 'You was so good to invite me. I have wrote to Pa and Ma about it.'

"Now, no one needs to be told that that woman's knowledge of the customs of fashionable society would be as elemental as her knowledge of grammar and that it would take courage to introduce her to one's friends. That she will get the entrée to many private houses till she fixes up her grammar is doubtful.

"On another occasion, at the suggestion of my brother, I invited to join a Lenten history class, the patronesses of which are nothing if not exclusive, the wife of one of the men he is associated with in business. The woman looked promising, I thought, when she was pointed out to me at a theatre, and the invitation went, and of course was accepted.

"The first meeting was at my house at 11 o'clock in the morning, and along comes the lady dressed as if for a reception to royalty and ablaze with jewels. We can stand a good deal in the way of display these days, but really that woman was beyond the limit. Every other woman in the room came to me before she left to ask who the stranger was and why she was there.

"To make matters worse, at every one of the other meetings that woman wore all her jewels and only a trifle less gorgeous gown. I imagine that she was totally unaware that at morning affairs in Lent inconspicuous toilets only are good form, and that she really believed that none of us had any handsome clothes or jewels to put on.

"Such experiences don't happen often, though. As a rule the strangers invited to subscribe to Lenten entertainments, if sewing classes and parlor lectures can be called such, prove to be charming women, many of whom are decided acquisitions."

FAMOUS LOVING CUPS.

King Hal's Grace Cup and the Skinners' Peacock Cup.

Some of the old loving cups were called grace cups. Of the specimens now in possession of the English guilds and corporations the most famous is the Henry VIII. grace cup, which belongs to the Barbers' Company of London.

With its four globular bells hanging around the outer rim, says the *Jeweler's Circular*, this cup might well excite the envy of even the most honest collector of silverware.

The name of the cup is derived from the fact that King Hal was the donor, the grace cup being intended to commemorate the union of the barbers with the Guild of Surgeons. The cover carries the Tudor rose, portcullis, and fleur-de-lis, the finial of the lid being mounted with the imperial crown, the English and French arms being beneath, supported by the lion and greyhound.

The Skinners' Company has a peacock cup, though it is in the form of a peahen. This large silver bird, with three chicks at her feet, stands on the silver badge which was formerly worn by the company's barge master, and around it are the engraved words "The Gift of Mary, ye daughter of Richard Robinson, and wife to Thomas Smith and James Peacock, Skinners, 1642." The lady's two husbands were both masters of the company.

Explained.

From the Somerville Journal.

She—I saw you in the street car the other evening, Mr. Saxby.

He—Did you? Why, I didn't see you.

She—I suppose not. I was standing up.

CENTENARY OF ANTHRACITE.

It Occurs on Feb. 11, 1908, and Wilkesbarre Is Going to Observe It.

WILKESBARRE, Feb. 23.—On February 11, 1908, Wilkesbarre is to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the day on which anthracite coal was first burned in an open grate. Incidentally the ruthless searcher after facts has shown that what was supposed to be history was merely tradition, for it has been learned that the original grate is not now in existence and that the grate now carefully preserved in the Fell House in Wilkesbarre as the original is a duplicate which was placed in the original fireplace in 1878.

Before the experiment made by Judge Jesse Fell in his tavern in Wilkesbarre, on the old Wilkesbarre and Easton turnpike, now Northampton street, anthracite coal was held to be of little value, for it was thought that it would not burn, except under forced draught. By burning anthracite in an open grate Judge Fell opened the way to an industry which now gives employment to 168,000 men, who produce 60,000,000 tons of anthracite annually, and which has given millions of dollars in royalties to the owners of the lands.

Just fifty years after his experiment four young men were travelling toward Wilkesbarre. One of them was a grandson of Judge Fell. He had that day been reading in an old copy of a well known Masonic book an account of the experiment made by his grandfather. When he mentioned it one of the members of the party recalled that the experiment had been made just fifty years before. The young men determined that something must be done to celebrate the occasion.

When they arrived in Wilkesbarre they called a public meeting, to be held in the same old tavern in which Judge Fell made his experiment. The four young men were James Plater Dennis, a grandson of Judge Fell; Henry Martyn Hoyt, afterward Governor of Pennsylvania; John Butler Conyngham and Stanley Woodward, afterward a leading lawyer of the State.

Thus they became the founders of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society. It is this organization that now proposes to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the experiment of Judge Fell.

It was at a meeting of the society that the facts concerning the old Jesse Fell grate were learned. A paper on "Where is the grate on which Jesse Fell made his successful experiment of burning anthracite coal?" was read before the meeting by the Rev. H. E. Hayden.

Mr. Hayden has come to the conclusion that the original grate is not now in existence, and that "the only well authenticated grate extant belonging to Judge Fell" is that heretofore known as the Kiernan or Eick grate and now in the possession of the society.

Concerning the original grate as many as six statements are made. The first is that the grate was made of hickory withes. Mr. Hayden declares this untrue.

Next comes the Marble grate, so called because its claims were first put forth by Col. J. M. C. Marble, president of the First National Bank of Los Angeles. He states that while visiting his grandfather at Wyoming he was told the story of Judge Fell's experiment.

According to this story some iron bars were set in the old chimney, which is still in existence in the Fell house, bricks were piled in front and on the sides and on the iron bars a fire of hickory wood was built. Coal was then procured and placed on the fire, and it burned nicely.

Judge Fell was so pleased, the story continues, that he took out this grate and had another more substantial one made on the following day. This, then, disposes of the original grate.

In 1858 there was no grate in the fireplace. The projectors of the historical society secured from a Mr. Carpenter an old grate which had been used by Judge Fell and placed it in the fireplace for this celebration. The old grate was worn out, and whether it was the one made by Judge Fell after his first experiment or what became of it afterward is not known.

Later in Judge Fell's life he married a widow named Culver. When in 1830 they moved from the old Fell House they took the grate with them, and this is the grate now in the possession of the historical society.

The old grate now in the original fireplace at the Fell House, was, according to Capt. Calvin Parsons placed in the fireplace by him in 1878 when a centennial celebration was held for the Wyoming Massacre.

When in 1906 the original tavern was torn down the old fireplace and chimney were preserved intact and now occupy a place of honor in the new building.

As the Message Read.

From T. P. O.

"It certainly is not difficult to make a mistake with the Morse code, the dot and dash system," said Mr. John Ardron, C. E., who has lately retired from the Post Office. "I remember one amusing mistake being made, where a nobleman, having gone into the country, wired to his valet in London to the following effect: 'Send me tin box.' The message was delivered to the valet in the following words: 'Lend me ten bob'!"